



Glass is Not Fragile



30 0 1

Chapter 1 by RunningOwl13

I used to think that glass was not fragile, that is was as strong as the concrete that lined the streets. I used to think that glass was beautiful, that it captured the light in the room and turned it into magical rainbows of shimmering light. In my dreams I would dream of the strong, beautiful glass that was a fragment of my imagination. I used to think glass could withstand any blow. I used to think this until I dropped my Mother's wine glass on the kitchen tile, and shattered glass was everywhere.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account



See more of Story Wars

[Login](#) or [Create new account](#)